Thou hadst cald me all these bitter names,
Qu. Mar. VVhy so I did, but lookt for no reply.
O let me make the period to my curse.
Glo. Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.
Qu. Thus haue you breathed your curse against your selfe.
Q. M. Poore painted Queene, vaine flourish of my fortune:
VVhy strewst thou sugar on that botled spider,
VVhose deadly web insnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetst a knife to kill thy selfe,
The time will come when thou shalt wish for me,
To help thee curse that poisond bunchbackt toad.
Hast. False boading woman, end thy frantik curse,
Least to thy harme thou moue our patience.
Q. M. Foule shame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine,
Riu. Were you well seru'd you would be taught your duty.
Q. M. To serue me well, you all should do me dutie,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my subiects:
O serue me well, and teach your selues that dutie.
Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatique.
Q. M. Peace maister Marquesse, you are malapert,
Your fire-new stampe of honour is scarce current.
O that your young nobilitie could iudge,
What t'were to loose it and be miserable:
They that stand high, haue many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselues to peeces.
Glo. Good counsell marry, learne it, learne it Marques.
Dors It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne so high,
Our aierie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and scornes the sunne.
Q. M. And turnes the sunne to shade, alas, alas,
Witnes my sonne, now in the shade of death,
Whose bright outshining beames, thy cloudie wrath,
Hath in eternall darknesse foulded vp:
Your aierie buildeth in our airies neast,
O God that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, lost be it so.
Buck. Haue done for shame if not for charitie.
Q. M. Vrge neither charitie nor shame to me,

Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcherd,
My charitie is outrage, life my shame,
And in my shame still liue my sorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q. Mar. O pricely Buckingham, I will kisse thy hand,
In signe of league and amitie with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy princely house,
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compasse of my curse,
Buck. Nor no one here, for curses neuer passe
The lips of those that breath them in the ayre.
Q. M. Ile not beleeue but they ascend the skie,
And there awake Gods gentle sleeping peace.
O Buckingham beware of yonder dog,
Look when he fawnes, he bites, & when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and Hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that *I* respect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What doest thou scorne me for my gentle counsell,
And sooth the diuel that *I* warne thee from?
O but remember this an other day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore *Margaret* was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to *Gods*. *Exit.*
Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Riu. And so doth mine, *I* wonder shees at libertie.
Glo. *I* cannot blame her by *Gods* holy mother.
She hath had too much wrong, and *I* repent
My part thereof that *I* haue done.
Qu. *I* neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hot to do some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarance, he is well repaid,

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